

The Historie of

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgive me.
Good Vnckle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leifure.

Hot. I haue done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottifh Prisoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome ftraight,
And make the *Douglas* fonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reafons
Which I shall fend you written bee affur'd,
Will eafily be granted you, my Lord.
Your fonne in *Scotland* being thus imploied,
Shall fecretly into the bofome creepe
Of that fame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbifhop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*.
I fpeake not this in eftimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,
And onely ftayes but to behold the face
Of that occafion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I fmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afote thou ftill let'ft flipe.

Hot. Why, it cannot choofe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And fo they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reafon bids vs fpeed,
To faue our heads, by raifing of a Head:
For, beare our felues as euen as we can,
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our felues vnfatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And fee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ftrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. He does, he does; wee le be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cooftin, farewell. No further goe in this,

Then I by Letters shall direct your courfe

When time is ripe, which will be fuddenly:

He iteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,

Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,

As I will fafhion it, shall happily meet,

To beare our fortunes in our owne ftrong armes,

Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vnckle, adue: O let the houres be fhort,

Till Fields, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our fport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, jle be hangd,
Charles-waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horfe not
packt. What *Oftler*?

Oft. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all celfe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Peafe and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and
that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this houfe
is turned vpside downe fince *Robin Oftler* died.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed fince the price of Oates
rofe, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this to be the moft villanous houfe in all
London road for Fleas, I am ftung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maiffe there is neare a King
christen, cold be better bit, the I haue bin fince the firft cock.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordaine, and then
wee leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie breeds
Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What *Oftler*, come away, & be hangd, come away.

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Gin-
ger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-croffe*.

1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite ftar-
ued: what *Oftler*? a plague on thee, haft thou neuer an eye in
thy head? canft not heare, and t'were not as good a deed as
drinke,

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